HOPE **VILTIS** HOPE

Volume 3, Number 2. ★ CHICAGO, ILL. ★ June, 1945.

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OVER THERE

Cpl. Francisco DeLeon, whom I first met in Washington way back in 1937 at the N. F. F. and whose group who came from Kansas City, Mo., from the Mexican Guadalupe Center to participate in the Festival, wrote a most concise letter of what happened to him in Three short Years. After reading his letter war sounded more like fun than terror. That year (1937) I had the pleasure of joining their group on the stage and do their dances which were quite familiar to me. It was quite a thrill. The following year I also went to Kansas City for a week to teach at the center and I was shown one of the grandest times. I'll never forget my visit there, nor Miss Dorothy Galagher, head resident who to this day is my friend. I also met the finest bunch of Mexican boys and girls and the DeLeon family for one. Do read Pancho's letter . . . Al Lankus (LYS) is now a S/Sgt. too. Hooray! In his last letter Al praised in glowing terms all the wonderful things the Red Cross is doing. I don't think any body ever speaks of the Red Cross in any other terms than that of praise. Al was on a 8 day rest at the Air Force Rest Home. He also got to see with his and our buddy S/Sgt. Jimmy Carroll (LYS) and was he tickled! They are stationed but 12 miles apart. Pfc Joe Lankus, USMC was hospitalized somewhere in the Pacific with a tropical fever. Joey was awarded the Silver Star, while Al owns an Air Medal and two clusters. Good for the Lankus brothers! . . . Chaplain Rodney Shaw is overseas, in Belgium. And is very much impressed by the Belgians.

George Dearborn, Jr. S3/c of Fairhope was killed on April 28th in the So. Pacific. Before his death he had an opportunity to meet up with his brother Donald, also in the Navy, Signalman 3/c. . . . The Lithuanian Americans and many sportsmen regretted to learn of the death of star athlete Lt. Al Blozis who was with the New York Giants football team. Al Blozis was killed by enemy machine gun fire while searching for his missing platoon sergeant in the — snow swept Vosges mountains in France on January 31st .... Regrets are extended to Al Spear (LYS) on the death of his father. (Continued on second pg.)

TO OUR READERS

In May 1943 I started writing a Service Letter giving news of friends who were serving in the various branches of the armed forces. (Navy, Army, Marines, Merchant Marines, Coast Guards, WAC, Spars, Waves and Women Marines.) The first issue was mimiographed by Paul Gaston of Fairhope. Two by Miss Quinn at Montevallo, Ala. During my visit in Chicago Calvin Ludwig mimeographed one issue. Upon my return south the following eleven issues were mimeographed by Mrs. Joseph Payson.

On January 20th, 1944 I went to Cottage Hill (Mobile, Co.) Sanatorium suffering from T. B. of the throat and lungs in a critically ill condition. However, through the wonderful help of Mrs. Payson I was able to to continue sending out the mimeographed news letters, and the response I got inspired me back to the road of health.

Due to the fact that the Paysons were moving to Chicago and since my mail increased considerably, I felt that I could give my friends more news through the medium of a printed letter. While I was well I did not solicit for contribution. And even during the first nine months of my illness, while Viltis came out in a mimeagraphed form, no contributions were asked. But a printed Viltis require money, and I had no income, so I asked for volutary contributions to cover the cost of printing and mailing of Viltis. Some were very generous. All money received was used in printing.

Many have suggested that Viltis continues appearing. Viltis served its purpose wonderfully, and it is still doing. There is a great possibility that it can serve even a greater purpose in the future. To carry a message of fellowship. To strive to maintain the peace for which we are sacrificing so many of our finest youth. To become the sentinel for an everlasting peace and toward brotherhood. All of you readers know the things I stand for and what I strive to retain. My next goal and Viltis (hope) is "peace and universal brotherhood." This message I would like to carry not only to the present limited number of readers but to as many as we can reach. However, we dare not expect that the (Continued on second pg.)

OVER HERE

Lt. Seymour Meyerson thought he'd be sitting pretty being stationed in his home town of Chicago, but they transfered him to Oak Ridge, Tenn., near Knoxville, which isn't bad either, because, his sister Mrs. Robert Coveyou lives there, and Nora Saur also "Hangs out" there, but he didn't say what she hangs out. It might be the Nylons that she hasn't got... It was good to see my cousin Capt. Alvin Charnes on furlough from Italy after 50 missions all bedecked with a presidental citation, air medal and three oak leaf clusters, European and Italian campaign ribbons plus two major battle stars and looking as handsome as any of my kin can. Alvin, during the happier pre-war days, visited Lithuania and his many uncles and cousins the Cernis-Aranauskis families who, as well as my folks, practically all (See As For Myself) were slain by the Nazis, and his record in Italy avenged in part their death. Alvin is presently stationed in Santa-Ana, Cal.... Our GI poet, Pvt. Gene Wierbach was on an emergency furlough to Los Angeles, Cal., where his baby sister was taken ill and reports that not only his sister overcame her illness, but he also had a swell time. The Yank recently printed an article by G e n e ... S/Sgt. D. H. Morris, with the 2nd A.H. at Memphis, Tenn. Came in to Chicago on a 15 day furlough and took his wife Evie and his two baby boys back with him. It was good to see them all and they have the prettiest boys ever. Always smilling and as Beautiful as the sun.... Mariner Fewell Dyess, now stationed in Baltimore and sails between Baltimore and N. Y., being a Southerner to the very core, was becoming dismayed with the belated summer warmth. For weather there is nothing like the good ole south, pal, no? Man! It sure takes long for the yankee sun to warm up.... Jimmy Prentis, husband of Lucille Bartkus, was in on a furlough and to take great pride in his little son Lee, who, so I heard, is the cutest baby. Jimmy is stationed somewhere in Georgia... Uncle Lee Bartkus who become quite a lady slayer, is sailing the pacific seas.

OVER THERE (From first pg.)

The Northampton, England, paper carried a picture of T-Sgt. Hugh E. Lowell (SOE) decorating the picture of our late president, with tulips. Hugh looked quite well. He is a radio gunner and a squadron leader aboard a B-17 and owns an air medal with three oak leaf clusters . . . Lt. Glen Lewis, of the fighting marines who has gone through many battles without injury, was wounded recently on Okinawa.

TO OUR READERS
(From first pg.)

heavy burden of expenditure be carried by the few patrons.

Beginning with August we intend charging $2.00 for twelve month subscription. In the May issue we asked for voluntary contributions. Any received will count as subscription according to the amount donated. For example. a ten dollar donation would warrant a five year subscription. Or, five subscriptions for one year for five readers.

We want new readers. Please tell others about Viltis. We intend to improve and expand, and hope to add talented Viltis readers to our Staff. We hope a goal set of a thousand suscriptions by September. This is a modest mark which we want to exceed. As we expand we will add new features to Viltis. In addition to spreading the message of hope and good will we will devote space for short stories, folk lore and customs, poetry and physical culture and many other features of general interest. The rest is up to you. **Vyts-Fin.**

CHICAGO

The 3rd Annual Folk Festival held at Orchestra Hall on May 3rd, was received with great enthusiasm by a good sized appreciative audience. The Irish, who opened the program, were good. The English dances were poor in comparison with the dancers from the Organic school in Fairhope. The Scotch made a beautiful showing, as did the French. The Farucca of the Spandiards was enchanting. The Polish songs were excellent, but their dances fell flat. Lacked all vivaciousness so typical of Polish dances. Ukrainians — as ever, tops. Czechs were fair. The Austrian Schuhplattlers stole the show. Nothing to the dance but they did it as folk dancing should be done and were given a well deserved hand. The Russian singing was excellent, their dances but fair. The Negroes in their primitive dances and Southern songs got the biggest hand. And the American Square Dancers made an enjoyable closing. Much credit goes to Joseph Creanza, prof. at the Central YMCA College and leader of the French group, who is the moving spirit behind this folk festival.

Another folk dance event was sponsored by the Co-Op groups of Chicago. Guests at Hull House enjoyed an evening of folk and square dances. Mr. Chester Graham came in from Madison, Wis., for the calls. They had a huge crowd who had fun.

A miniature LYS reunion was held at the Windermere - East with Beliajus when Lil Cinskas, Jane Matecunas, Patsie and Jackie McNamara, Edwin Droszcz, Irv Lev, Hugh Jones and Dean Saxton were over May 9th. Our trips to Washington to participate in the Folk Festivals, various Lithuanian songs and incidents were recalled, and Kazy's impending return to the States were some of the topics. Some saw each other for the first time in four years, thus the evening was most enjoyable.

International House is still having its huge crowds attending the folk dancing classes. Paul Dunsing, exponenet of the German folk dances, will be instructor during the present 4 week period. He is very good.

FAIRHOPE

My mail from Fairhope was rather meager. Our Correspondent Edna Rockwell graduated on May 23rd and many activities involved with the graduation exercise occupied her time. She sang and played the piano at the recital sponsored by Mrs. Edwin Bluthardt and Mrs. James Gaston, and performed a few dance numbers at Roberta McHue's recital. The preparation for that likewise kept her busy. I am told that both recitals were very enjoyable. Sure wish I were there to witness it and would have meanwhile avoided much of this "darndest" weather which I wouldn't wish on any decent southerner.

Dorman Porter, Navy enlistee was tendered a farewell party on Friday, May 11th by his girl Peggy Belew, at the Country Club. It was a formal event (mind you!) and some sixty guest were present.

Local skippers, representing the Fairhope Yacht Club, observed their own V-Day, returning from Mobile Bay tirangular battle line course and flying from their mast heads two firsts and a third place, aggregating 28 of a possible 30 points; the surrender terms of 9 Gulf Coast Yachting Association crews stowed away in their nautical jeans, and a big Asa Candler silver bowl, emblamatic of the championship of 1945 Candler Cup regatta. Clubs racing besides Fairhope were, Panama City, Pensacola, Buccaneer, New Orleans, Gulfport, Biloxi, Pass Christian, Mobile and St. Petersburg, George Criminale, Pat Zimmerman, Ed Overton and Jack Bonnell received the most points.

AS FOR MYSELF

I left Fairhope on the first of May. And Mrs. Leslie Bonnel, on whom God may bestow for ever His blessings, took me to the train (Rebel-G.M. & O.) bound for Chicago.

I awoke the following morning in Red Bud, Ill. and a new world. The trees were still chartruse (more a new yellow than green). Many trees were still bare. A few trees had white buds (hence the name of the town — Red Bud). No sunshine but a monotonous drizzle. In Bloomington we met up with a terrific down beat of hail and rain. I began to rue the day I left Fairhope. Thinking that I never seem to learn. For in Chicago, two years ago in August I first developed that dreadful cold which I could not shake off.

May 3rd was even more miserable for me. Winds howled and the day was bleak and chilly. On that day I learned from Aunt Sylvia (my mothers youngest sister) of the slaughter of our families in Lithuania. Out of 30 the only ones to survive are Amelia Cernis and children who fled to Siberia, her husband/ who is my first cousin, is or was a slave-prisoner in Germany. Present fate unknown. A cousin Liolia Aranauskis and family who fled to England, a cousin Julius Aranauskis (who visited us in U. S. a few years before the war, escaped to Australia and joined the Australian army. His twin sister's child was saved by a maid who fled to somewhere, while his twin sister and her husband were being slain. The Chicago family is trying to locate the maid and child. Their mother and three brothers were slain, as were two other c o u s i n s and their families of that same branch of the Cernis-Aranauskis families. Of my immediate family there were my parents, one sister, one brother and a sister-in-law, wife of my brother who died in Asiatic Russia sometime two years ago, my aunt and her family Mrs. Natas Beliajus of Raseinai. The fate of my aunt and uncle, the Andrius Skrupskas and their families, and whose home I was pracically raised is still unknown and received no word from the Red Cross either. I could not control my heart no more than I could the miserable weather. I'm begining to reach a point to feel too tired to struggle with life.

In the evening of the same day, Hugh Jones took me and mother (my aunt — Mrs. Dulys) to the folk festival at Orchestra Hall, and my old pal Dean Saxton, Ph.M 3/c also came in from Great Lakes. The festival was very enjoyable and it was good to see folk dancing again. And after the festival Hugh took us to Shangri-La. Man! It is a dream land! Simply out of this world! I never